

## **end your days with me by femmesteve**

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Harringrove Halloween 2018

# 1. Chapter 1

## Author's Note:

Send me yours on Tumblr: @FemmeSteve

Rope bound his wrists and fit snugly between his teeth, keeping him in the chair that his kidnapper had put him in. It was hard enough to be in the situation, but even worse because he knew his captor so well. Steve closed his eyes and breathed in shakily, listening to the knife scrape along his chair as his captor hummed a tune.

It wasn't real. It was something new that they wanted to try, but Steve couldn't help but get a little too far into his character. He could tell that Billy liked that, though. His blond curls peeked outside of the mask, giving his identity away, but hiding his expression. What was he feeling? Lust? Anger? There was no way to know.

"Take it off," Steve said around the rope, eyebrows furrowed.

Billy kneeled on Steve's side so he couldn't see him unless he strained his eyes. He breathed out deeply, and the noise was muffled by the mask he wore.

"This thing?" Billy asked softly, tapping the plastic of his guise with the knife, "I don't think so, princess. I don't plan on killing you, and I really don't need you to tattle once you get out of here," He said, receiving a grunt of frustration from his captive.

"I know who you are," Steve hissed, feeling dribble slide down his chin.

Billy moved in front of Steve, placing both hands on Steve's thighs, "Then I guess I can't let you leave." He breathed out, time sweet as he touched a lock of Steve's hair.

Steve was about to protest, but he fell silent as Billy reached to take his mask off. It fell to the ground with a soft thump, and his mouth was immediately on Steve's skin. He breathed hot against Steve's neck, tongue darting out to taste. Steve whined and squirmed, but

stilled as Billy reminded him of the knife by digging the tip softly into the meat of Steve's thigh.

Billy kissed his way up Steve's neck, open mouthed and so agonizingly slowly. He gripped Steve's hair and yanked his head to the side, ignoring Steve's cry of pain as he sucked beneath his jaw.

"Had to get through so much to get to you, baby," Billy muttered, nosing Steve's neck, "Mommy and daddy didn't take too kindly to a man with a knife heading for their son's door."

Steve felt his eyes begin to burn, the threat of tears on the rise. He knew it was all made up. That his parents were safe at their vacation home, but he couldn't shake the image of them on the floor downstairs.

"I'm scared," Steve tried to say, eyes hard on the door.

Billy moved the rope out of Steve's mouth, "What was that, baby?"

Steve swallowed hard and tried to look Billy in the face, found that he couldn't and had to look away,

"I'm scared," He repeated, clear this time.

Billy chuckled, and the sound made Steve shudder, "I'm not going to hurt you...As long as you cooperate."

"What do you want me to do?" Steve bit out, lip trembling, "You know my parents are rich. Right?"

Billy laughed again, "I don't care about your fucking money," He responded, grabbing Steve by the jaw, "I want you. I want you to use every inch of that beautiful body to please me. I want to use you," He murmured.

Steve blinked and a tear fell, startling them both for a moment, but Steve fixed it by staying in character.

"You have to untie me first..." He said softly.

Billy shook his head and grinned, "Do you think I'm stupid?"

“I think you’re insane,” Steve responded bitterly.

Billy’s hand on Steve’s face went to his throat immediately, squeezing just enough to make Steve’s lips fall open in shock. He stared at that pretty mouth for a minute, that red tongue and all of those straight, perfect teeth. He licked right across it, eyes falling shut.

Steve whimpered again and jerked his head back. Bad idea. Billy tightened his hold, and he loosened it only when Steve emitted that tell-tale sound.

“I really don’t want to choke you out, sweetheart,” Billy hissed.

The tears kept coming, and Steve shook his head, Brown eyes meeting blue for the first, sincere moment.

Billy cut Steve’s legs free, but put a hand firmly on his chest before he could stand.

“Kneel,” Billy commanded.

Steve moved shakily to do as he was told, looking up at Billy with watery eyes. Billy licked his lips and began to unzip his pants with his free hand, working his cock out. Steve flinched when he stepped forward. Billy rubbed his cockhead over Steve’s face, relishing his cheeks and slick lips. He groaned out pulled Steve’s face closer by his hair, pressing Steve’s cheek to his torso.

“You ever sucked cock before, gorgeous?” Billy murmured, and he shook Steve by his hair when he was silent, “Answer me.”

“No,” Steve said softly, eyes closed tight as Billy rutted against his face.

“Open,” Billy commanded, bringing the knifes sharp edge to Steve’s throat as a warning.

Steve choked out a soft noise before doing what he was told, mouth falling open pliantly. Billy stuck his cock inside promptly, making Steve gag hard as he hit the back of his throat. He grunted,

“Suck on it. There you go...Good boy,” Billy praised, guiding Steve’s

head up and down by his hair, “Fuck, I think you lied to me.”

Steve’s eyes grew wide and he shook his head, only for Billy to throw his head back and pull his cock out, hard and glistening spit.

“Another lie,” Billy growled, following as Steve tried to backpeddle on his knees, getting as far as the bed before he was trapped.

“Who used you first? Why didn’t you wait for me?” Billy pressed the knife hard against Steve’s jugular, breathing hard.

Steve sobbed out, “It’s too much, Billy, I’m really scared,” He said, shoulders beginning to shake.

The knife fell to the floor and Billy went with it, on his knees to start working Steve free from his bonds. Steve fell against him and cried, unabashed and full of true terror that was shaking Billy’s core.

“Baby. I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to-“

Steve reached for the knife then, his escape cut short by Billy’s quick hand. Steve panted, cheeks tear streaked but eyes determined. Defiant.

“You little shit,” Billy said, a smile on his lips as he fought to get back into character.

## **2. Chapter 2**

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

this wasnt fun at all

They kissed, and it was warm and soft and Steve just wanted to be closer to him. Billy pulled away and grinned at the stupid look on Steve's face, watching as he opened his eyes. He tightened his hands in Billy's shirt and tugged him forward again, pressing their lips together until Billy began to respond. They kissed until they were too hard to focus, panting and licking softly between the slow grind of their hips.

Steve woke up.

It was the same dream. Always the same, always so sweet and good, up until the point that Steve woke up, alone and in his cold bed. Billy's necklace was cool against his naked chest. He felt like it weighed a million pounds. He blinked into the darkness and touched the necklace with his thumb as the familiar feeling of sorrow filled his chest. How long had it been? Steve thought for a moment..

It was January. 1986. Billy had been dead for four months. The same dream for 121 days. The same feeling every time that he woke up and was forced to remember. That Billy was gone and they would never kiss like that again. That there would never be any justice. That the world was cruel and he was alone in it. That Billy had left him. Alone.

In November of 1985 Billy Hargrove committed suicide. Three days before Thanksgiving. No note, no indication that he would be gone. In his room, where his step-sister would find him the following

morning, blue and lifeless.

Steve had been with him the day before, and if he thought about it hard enough, he'd remember that Billy showed no sign of depression. That he had even looked happy. In love as he held Steve against him and kissed his neck, biting so Steve grinned and flinched.

Before he left, he gave Steve his necklace. He wouldn't take it back, demanded that Steve take care of it, and Steve could only nod and promise. He had thought of it as the class ring Billy couldn't give him. Something dumb like that. He didn't think for a second that it could be a parting gift.

But it was.

Steve chased behind Hopper's car the next morning, heart in his throat. He had happened to be with him when he got the call, demanded that he go too. That he see him.

They were carrying him out of the house when they got there. Neil was watching with a cup of coffee in his hand, stone faced as they put the body of his son into a hearse. He moved when he saw Steve, tearing across his lawn.

"DON'T GET NEAR HIM, DON'T YOU TOUCH HIM!" He had yelled, running to intercept the frantic man.

"You killed him, oh my god, you killed him, you did it, ohhh my

god,” Steve crumpled as soon as Neil touched him, turning into himself and away from the man.

“You did it! He was so goddamn embarrassed about being chased by a fairy, that he killed himself! You killed my son! You ruined my family’s life!” Neil shook Steve by the shoulders, yelling into his face as Steve whimpered and shook his head.

“HE KILLED HIMSELF BEFORE YOU COULD!” Steve screamed back, fighting as Hopper drug them apart, “YOU KILLED HIM, YOU PIECE OF SHIT!” Steve couldn’t breathe.

He couldn’t fucking breathe. Max was staring at him from her bedroom window. Hopper was saying something in his ear. He couldn’t fucking breathe.

Steve is crying then, rubbing Billy’s necklace in his fingers and sobbing into the quiet darkness of his room. Every night he did this, every night he relived that morning. Remembered the funeral, the months to come. Without him. With a weight of bricks on his shoulders.

Something moves, and Steve is able to catch it in the corner of his eye. When he turns, there’s nothing there, but he can feel it. Feel him.

Steve feels him.

### **3. Chapter 3**

Steve couldn't move. His limbs were like weights and his eyes darted around the room as it seemingly bent and swirled around him. Billy was grunting into his ear as he drove his hard cock into his hole, talking but Steve couldn't understand a thing.

Billy had said one more. One more little, white pill. It'll make him feel good. Make him experience new things. Good shit, from California. Billy had said a lot of things, and somehow each one of them got through to Steve. He took three more and an hour later he was floating through space. Another hour later, and he couldn't move and Billy was on top of him.

It felt like sleep paralysis. Staring up into Billy's face with dead eyes as he was fucked. He thought maybe he was moaning. His mouth was open, but all sound was distorted. Maybe he was just gaping. He wouldn't be surprised.

Billy was sucking on his neck, rubbing his dick and Steve knew that he was hard, but not if he was going to come or not. An orgasm seemed pretty far away at the time. For Billy, however..

Steve would know later, when he woke up on someone else's couch with a puddle of cool come on his stomach, and a foreign stickyness between his legs. Then he would vomit, and fall back asleep.

## 4. Chapter 4

The man on Steve's doorstep had a greasy mullet and a backpack slung over one of his shoulders. He smiles, and something inside of Steve flutters a little from the attention. He only wants to use the phone to call his aunt who lives in Hawkins. He's traveled a long way to see her, but he can't quite remember which part of town she lives in. It's enough for Steve to nod and let him in without further discussion.

He points the man in the direction of their living room home phone and then dashes upstairs to put on an appropriate pair of pants. The knock on the door had woken him from a heavy sleep, and he had answered it in his boxers and a t-shirt. Not even wondering why someone like the stranger would need to call their aunt at midnight...Would an elderly aunt even be awake at midnight?

Steve swallows hard. He didn't think this through at all. A feeling of uneasiness comes over him, and he realizes how deafening the quiet was. He didn't hear the man talking downstairs. He didn't hear anything at all. The majority of his parents valuables were in their room, to the right of his own, and he hadn't heard anyone come upstairs...

Steve decides to bite the bullet and flings his bedroom door open, running straight for the kitchen where he would grab a knife and demand that the man leave. He arrives, only to find that the stranger had some form of the exact same idea. He stands there, pack abandoned on the floor as he twists a large cleaver around in his hand. He looks up with another charming smile, one that now makes Steve's skin crawl.

"She didn't pick up. Pretty silly of me to think that she would be awake at this time. Mind if I stay here for the night?" The stranger asks, and Steve feels his heart sink into his stomach.

"I don't think that my parents would like that-" Steve says nervously, slowly inching out of the kitchen as the feeling of danger grows stronger.

The stranger follows, creeping with the knife still in his hand. When Steve makes a move to start running, he does the same, breaking into a sprint and catching Steve before he makes it to the front door. Steve yells and thrashes for a moment, but goes still once he feels the bite of the knife against his neck. He can only manage a weak whimper, stuttering breaths leaving his parted lips as the stranger holds him close by his waist, holds him firmly to his chest.

“I don’t think they’ll mind, actually. They’re in Tampa for a few more days, according to your little planner on the fridge,” The stranger says into Steve’s ear, his breath hot.

“The planners wrong,” Steve says, feeling his lips twitch as the stranger laughs.

The stranger adjusts his grip on Steve, pressing their cheeks together as he sighs out, “Don’t worry. I’ll make sure you’re safe until they get back,” He says, sounding so sincere as he smooths Steve’s hair back using the hand holding the knife, “You got Billy to look after you now.”

Steve didn’t need anyone to look after him, that’s why his parents had left him alone! Something that will never happen again, if he lives through this. He nods, feels himself shake. Billy hums, happy with his decision. He grasps Steve’s face and turns it towards his own, where he conducts an inspection. Steve squeezes his eyes shut and forces himself to focus on breathing.

“You’re pretty, aren’t you?” Billy observes, “I can’t believe they left you all alone..”

“Please,” Steve manages to get out.

“Huh?”

“Let me go and just leave, I won’t even call the cops, I swear to God-“

“I’m not leaving, and you’re sure as hell not calling the fucking cops,” Billy says, jerking Steve’s face just a little, “I’m gonna be around for a while, so I suggest you get used to it,” He bites out.

Steve feels his knees go out, but he never hits the floor. Billy is

carrying him upstairs, presumably to his room. He doesn't want him upstairs. Everything is upstairs!

Billy doesn't notice his discomfort and keeps walking, opening each door until he finds what he presumes is Steve's room. He drops Steve onto the bed and starts to take his belt off, immediately making Steve think of the worse. He's too scared to move, though.

Billy doesn't hurt him. He uses his belt to bind Steve's hands together and then uses one of Steve's own discarded belts from the floor to secure his legs. It's not his ideal setup, but he has everything he needs in his pack downstairs. He just needs to make sure that Steve sits tight while he goes to get it.

Billy returns to find Steve exactly as he left him, a shaken mess with immobile limbs and a tear streaked, handsome face. Perfection. Billy almost feels bad about the harsh way he undoes Steve's binds, only to lock him in place again with solid handcuffs to the headboard.

"Too tight?" Billy asks.

"They hurt," Steve complains in response.

"Sorry, they were all out of the fuzzy ones," Billy tries to make a joke, but Steve doesn't laugh. He only stares.

...

Steve's parents wouldn't be home for another two days, and he was trapped in his own home with a psycho. Who he let in! Who was the real crazy person here? Steve has been chained to his bed for a little over eighteen hours, listening to the sounds coming from downstairs as he awaited Billy's return. He didn't know what he was going to say. Begging had lost its magic after the sixth time.

Steve has bruises on his wrists, and each time that he shifts, it hurts him and draws a pitiful noise from his chapped mouth. His legs feel like they're going to fall off. He's been given food every so often, and even bathroom breaks, but he would give anything for a little bit of actual stretching time. He winces as his wrists press against the metal

wrong again, digging into his tender flesh.

“BILLY!” Steve yells, “BILLY?!?”

Surprisingly, Billy comes to answer his call. He’s put on Steve’s dad’s clothes and washed his hair, softening his previously grisly appearance. He’s actually quite good looking, and Steve hates him for that more than anything.

“What is it, Stevie, I’m kind of busy,” Billy says around the cigarette between his lips- smoking in Steve’s mother’s house-, but nevermind that.

“What could you possibly be busy with?!” Steve found himself spitting, angry all of the sudden.

“What, do you think you’re my number one priority?” Billy snorts, ashing onto the carpet.

“YOU’RE IN MY HOUSE, ASSHOLE!” Steve yells, yanking against his bonds as though ready to launch himself. It hurts, and he knows that it reads on his face, “I need help,” Steve suddenly changes, voice soft as he slumps back miserably.

“With what?” Billy sighs, approaching the bed.

“My wrists really hurt, and I want to stretch my legs,” Steve says, watching as Billy examines his cuffs.

“If I do this for you, you gonna do somethin’ for me?” Billy asks, smoke curling over Steve’s nose.

“What do you want?” Steve forces himself to ask.

“A kiss. It’s the least you can do. Showing a little appreciation for the man of the house,” Billy says, watching Steve’s face contort in a wave of emotions.

Steve was going to do something stupid once he got out of those cuffs. He was going to run right for the door and he wasn’t going to stop for a while. He didn’t ever want to see this asshole again, unless it was on the other side of a prison cell.

“Okay,” Steve says, “Kiss me.”

Billy graciously takes up the offer, swallowing Steve’s mouth whole and drinking in his disgusted grunt. He held Steve’s hips down so that he didn’t move away too quickly, aware that he was taking more than one of his promised kisses.

Steve is red in the face when Billy finally pulls away, eyes glazed and so blue that it almost softens Steve up a little. He gets a hold on himself quickly.

Billy reaches for the keys.

## 5. Chapter 5

“You remember the code?”

Steve stopped chewing on his thumbnail to glance back at his phone screen where his mother’s face beamed. He nodded and sighed.

“And you put out the flowers I had delivered?”

“Yeah, mom,” Steve responded.

“Alright. I’m just so worried about you. I hate that we had to leave you alone on tonight of all nights,” His mother sighed out, “I love you, Steven. Safe night, darling,”

“Safe night, mom,” Steve said, forcing a smile before ending the FaceTime.

Steve threw his phone on the bed. His parents leave him alone year round, but never on the night of the purge. It was his first time locking up the house and spending the whole holiday alone. It felt weird to call it a holiday. He couldn’t believe that it had been a thing for nearly a decade. There were ten minutes until commencement.

Steve ducked into the basement where the security system controls lived. All of the cameras around the house were displayed on screens. It gave him the chills. Eight minutes. He looked down at the keypad and began to type in the code, only to pause. Looking up at the main screen a last time had proven to be the right decision, as there was someone on the doorstep peering up at him. Someone unwelcome.

Billy Hargrove, waving his hands in front of the camera. Steve growled and ran back upstairs to unlock the front door. He flung it open and shoved Billy inside.

“Are you fucking stupid?” Steve asked, “I’m about to lock us in.” He called over his shoulder as he sprinted back to the basement.

Steve reappeared a moment later, looking unamused as the metal shutters settled over the windows and doors. Billy shoved his hands into his jacket pockets and said nothing, much to Steve’s annoyance.

“Did you forget what tonight is?” Steve bit out.

Billy shook his head and shrugged, “No, I just..Wanted to come over. I heard you were alone,” He said, approaching the TV to turn it on.

Steve didn’t want to admit that a part of him was grateful that Billy had come over. It drained away at the sound of the sirens that suddenly filled the living room. He shuddered and began to make his way to the kitchen. He never liked doing this night sober, and he knew that Billy could appreciate free booze.

“Shots, Harrington?” Billy observed, watching as Steve sat a bottle of Wild Turkey and two shot glasses down on the table in front of the couch.

“I hate this night,” Steve responded lowly, uncapping the whiskey in one movement. He poured them both a shot and knocked his own back immediately. Billy shrugged and moved to do the same.

Three shots in they were able to hold a fluent conversation. Loose and avoiding the subject of the purge. Like Steve wanted. Until, Billy ruined it.

“I uh. Heard that some people were having some parties tonight, if you wanna risk it,” Billy said. Steve wasn’t sure if he was joking or not.

“This is our party, blondie,” He responded sarcastically.

Billy smiled and poured them both another shot.

...

Billy was hooked up to Steve’s Bluetooth speaker and was playing Radiohead, filling his room with somber music. They were both buzzed and laying on the bed, pretending not to hear the occasional gunshot from outside. Billy stretched, and his shirt rode up a little. Steve’s reasons for looking were totally gay, but any and all thoughts of kissing him dissipated when he saw the gun strapped to Billy’s belt. He jolted up, staring.

“Why do you have that?” He asked softly.

Billy looked down, and shrugged, “I came here to protect you,” He said.

“Take it off and put it down somewhere, it’s freaking me out,” Steve demanded.

He watched as Billy did as he was told, removing his belt from his pants and laying it on the carpet at his feet. He dropped his jacket as well, covering the gun with it. Billy climbed back onto the bed with a deep sigh through his nose, approaching Steve’s spot.

“Are you glad I came?” Billy asked softly, sliding his legs under Steve’s outstretched ones.

“I still don’t know why you did,” Steve muttered.

“Because I care about you, maybe?” Billy rolled his eyes.

Steve scoffed and laughed, dropping his gaze to their legs. Was it weird? Steve didn’t care. He pulled the abandoned bottle from the space between the bed and the bedside table, opening it to take a long swig. Billy moved so that he could kneel between Steve’s legs, taking the bottle from him.

Steve didn’t try and stop Billy when he kissed him, lowering the bottle to the floor with the hand that wasn’t currently holding Steve’s face. He let Billy lick apart his lips and taste the alcohol on his tongue, curling around the sweetness. Steve emitted a soft sound and let his mouth fall open further, relieved that Billy had finally taken initiative after all the time they had spent circling each other over the past year.

The kiss turned heated fast as they fought for control of the other, teeth sharp in between gasps for air. Billy broke it first, panting slowly as he stared lazily into Steve’s brown eyes. A strange smile spread across his mouth as he began to stroke Steve’s face.

“I came here to kill you tonight,” Billy whispered.

He watched as his words registered and Steve began to react, eyes darting to the jacket on the floor. He felt sick all of the sudden. He didn’t like the joke.

“That’s not funny,” Steve muttered, desperation in his eyes as he waited for Billy to apologize for the sick joke.

“I changed my mind,” Billy said, moving to put his hands on Steve’s shoulders and hold him in place, “I thought you didn’t like me. I was going to blow your brains out,” Billy laughed and held his fingers out in the shape of a gun to the side of Steve’s head, “I was tired of wanting you.”

Steve tried not to look at the jacket again. If he could keep Billy with him for the next ten hours than he would be safe. It was evident that Billy was a psychopath, that he was not joking, and that he had not come to his house just because he wanted to be nice. Steve didn’t want to think about any of that.

“You have me now,” Steve managed to say, offering a weak smile, “All yours all night,” He added, wincing at the way Billy grinned in response.

“The government’s pretty cool, huh?” Billy mused, tracing Steve’s lips with a fingertip,

“What I’m about to do to you is perfectly legal. For tonight.”

## 6. Chapter 6

The kids wanted to spend the night in a “haunted” house, because of course they did, and of course Billy and Steve had to come with them. They had done a lot of research on a specific house in Hawkins, seemingly old as balls and “totally haunted.” They were giving up trick or treating for this dumb house, so it had to be important.

They set up their sleeping bags on the floor in the living room, candles lighting the place up, since the power had been shut off ages ago. Steve and Billy were playing cards on top of a ratty couch, bored as hell and wondering when the right time to bring the booze out would be. Steve wanted it right then.

“Hey, Harrington, be a champ and walk with me upstairs,” Billy spoke, laying his cards face down before standing.

“What for?” Steve said around a Blow Pop in his mouth.

“Haven’t been up there yet,” Billy shrugged.

“And you need me to go with you?” Steve snorted, “Are you scared?”

“Yeah, that’s why,” Billy rolled his eyes and began taking the stairs, leaving Steve to throw his cards down and chase behind him.

The upstairs was just as boring and empty as the downstairs, except with a lot more covered furniture. It was quiet except for their footsteps against the old floorboards and the sound of Steve sliding his Pop around in his mouth. Billy had a flashlight, but it wasn’t doing much for them. He opened a door and shined the light in, eyes lighting up.

“Get in there,” Billy said, shoving Steve into the bedroom before shutting the door behind them.

“Ow-, Jesus, what are we doing?” Steve hissed.

“We need time away from those bozos downstairs, don’t you think?” Billy responded, stretching himself out across the bed.

“We are not fucking in here,” Steve said, “What if the ghost of some old lady watches us?”

“Pfft,” Billy outstretched his arms, “Come hold me, darlin’ I’m scared,” He cooed.

Steve grunted and did as he was told, settling between Billy’s legs with his back to his chest. Billy pulled his sucker out and turned his head toward his own. They couldn’t see, but they didn’t need to. Billy knew that Steve’s lips were cherry red from the sucker, and Steve knew exactly how Billy was looking. Hungry.

Billy licked the sweet taste from Steve’s mouth, holding him by his hair. Steve’s lips fell open on contact, a soft sigh escaping him as Billy sucked on his lower lip. Billy gave him his sucker back and started to work on his neck, pressing kisses to all of the spots he knew would get to Steve. Billy cupped Steve’s crotch to check on his progress, unsurprised to find that Steve was hard. He massaged Steve’s cock gently and Steve sighed again, pressing his hips up into the touch.

Steve jumped in Billy’s hold, his breath catching and his eyes flying open. Billy froze, looking up to blink into the darkness. Nothing.

“Are you scared?” Billy asked, trying to keep the laughter out of his voice.

“No,” Steve hissed back, “I thought....I thought I heard someone coming up here is all.”

Billy rolled his eyes. Right. He didn’t respond, going back to sucking on Steve’s collar instead. He was pressed up against Steve’s loser back, hard and humping against him as he sucked on Steve’s flesh. His grip was tight on Steve’s hip, holding him in place.

Steve emitted a soft noise and jerked, pulling his limbs in and reaching for Billy’s arms to pull around himself. Billy sighed out and put his forehead on Steve’s shoulder.

“I can’t do it in here it’s too creepy,” Steve confessed.

“Figures,” Billy muttered, still rolling his hips against Steve’s back, “Just he still then,” He said, biting his lower lip as he rutted,

"Wanted to fuck you in the spooky house, babe," He joked, though it came out rough.

Steve sighed and sucked on his Blow Pop, eyes shut tight as he tried to focus on Billy's labored breathing. His grip was tight, but it made Steve feel safer. He let Billy hump against him until he came, probably weakly. He jumped from the bed immediately and flung open the door, happy to hear the kids talking again. Billy grunted and followed, shoving Steve forward before flinging the door shut.

Stupid, fucking, house.

## 7. Chapter 7

With every shared smile, short conversation, acknowledging nod in the hallway, Billy wanted him. More and more. They barely talked, with him being the new plaything of Hawkins High, and Steve being the old, but Billy tried so hard. He went out of his way to ‘accidentally’ bump into Steve in the parking lot, forcing a conversation, forcing Steve to try to like and get to know him. It was to the point where Billy was ready to start picking fights with him, just to invoke some kind of memorable feelings between them.

Billy thought about Steve constantly. Thought about what he would do to him, if he could just have him for a little bit. If he could get him away from Nancy. Get her off of his mind. She wasn’t even that pretty, Billy had no idea how she had Steve so whipped. Billy could treat him so much better. It pissed him off. He needed to have Steve.

On the night of Halloween, Billy decided that he would get Steve. He’d always gotten what he wanted, and he wanted Steve so fucking bad. Pathetic, small town kid with good hair.. No one would miss him too much. Billy would fucking cherish him, though. He’d never let anyone look at Steve again. Nobody deserved him.

Billy sobered up as soon as Steve and Nancy entered the house, her shy on his arm and him radiating like the star he was. She wasn’t right for him. Billy hated her. She was ruining everything, and judging by their adorable couples costume, she wasn’t going to go down easily.

Not without a couple of drinks in her, anyway. Then she was incredibly easy to lure away. He told her he saw a cute dog. Drunk chicks fucking love cute dogs. She followed willingly, stumbling around like a newborn deer and blinking dumbly at her surroundings. As the music grew fainter behind them, Billy’s confidence grew stronger.

It was easy to overpower her, getting one gloved hand over her mouth while he slit her throat with the other. He left her in the garage, wide eyed and bleeding out, gurgling through mouthfuls of blood. Her white top was soaked. Billy cleaned the knife off using an

unblemished area of the cotton, before pocketing it and heading to the bathroom to fix his hair.

“Have you seen Nance?” Steve asked when he spotted him coming from the bathroom.

“She left with that guy....What’s his name? Byers?” Billy responded, watching Steve’s face contort in irritation, “Didn’t know chicks could have two boyfriends in Indiana,” He joked.

“They fucking can’t, dumbass,” Steve muttered, throwing his drink down angrily as he turned around.

“You going home?” Billy called after him, smiling when Steve turned to face him, looking impatient, “You’re pretty tipsy, Harrington, maybe I should give you a ride..”

## 8. Chapter 8

Steve wasn't proud of himself. Summoning an incubus was definitely on his list of things he was ashamed of doing. The creature was truly attractive with a toned body and handsome face, golden curls that just didn't belong on something of his nature. It's smile alone was sinful, causing a hard want to curl tight in Steve's belly. It's voice was a dark purr that rumbled in his ears, making him compliant and relaxed. It was pure perfection to the human senses.

"Now, you don't look like the type to want to call upon something like me, pretty boy," The demon said as it came over Steve at a slow crawl, touch warm and lingering, "But, I know how humans are..." It smirked, tongue escaping it's lips to taste Steve's skin.

Steve shuddered and couldn't help but arch, a moan catching in his throat. He found himself unable to look at the demon for too long, dizzy with lust that worsened with each gaze into it's dark eyes.

"I know you're greedy for pleasure, bored with earthly flesh and eager for something new.." It's voice was a low hiss as he grew closer to Steve's ears, "You want what this world can't give you."

Steve felt himself pinned to the bed with an invisible weight, wrists stuck beside his head on his pillow. He panted with a slack mouth as the demon peered down at him. The demon's black tongue slid past it's lips, stretching long as a bead of saliva slid down the muscle. Steve found he was unable to close his mouth, forced to let the strand land on his own tongue. He shuddered and felt boneless, vision fixing on the sinister grin in front of his face.

"Swallow my essence, boy," It hissed, pressing their faces together as it's hand trailed down Steve's neck.

Steve whimpered softly and let the demon kiss his skin, it's mouth wet and hot as it tasted. The demon moaned in pleasure, nicking his skin with it's teeth. Steve was powerless.

"You're all mine, boy. Your flesh and blood are mine, and for your gifts, you will be rewarded," The demon said, licking over it's sharp

teeth, “You will experience true bliss. You will never again couple with a human, fleshling. Your pleasure belongs to me now, as well.”

Steve felt like he was on fire.

## 9. Chapter 9

Steve's new house was pretty cool, to say the least. After a year of consideration, his parents finally decided that a new start would be best for the family. At first, Steve was skeptical about leaving the town he'd lived in all his life, especially right before his senior year. However, California grew on him quickly in the end, and he soon forgot all about his small hometown.

The house was a hundred years old, and had tons of history, and tons of ghost stories to go with it. The murder house, locals called it. It was a good thing that the Harrington's didn't scare easily.

Steve was setting up his room, finally unpacking his boxes with music blasting through his laptop speakers. Arcade Fire, his favorite. He was debating where to throw his old baseball trophies, when he was startled by someone walking in.

"What is this shit?" He asked instead of introducing himself, "Don't you have any Motley Crue?"

Steve paused to stare for a moment, baffled. The guy looked around his age. He had blond curls that creped towards his neck and a leather jacket on. In summertime.

"Who are you?" Steve asked in return.

The guy smiled and took a seat on Steve's messy bed, "I'm Billy. I live next door," He said, picking up one of Steve's T-shirts.

Steve snatched it out of his hands and dropped it on the floor, where it joined a pile of other shirts, "I'm Steve," He offered.

Billy's smile stretched into a grin.

...

Steve had let Billy take control of the music for the night, which he realized was a mistake once old school Metallica started screaming at them both. Billy didn't give him time to complain before he was kissing Steve's neck and shoving a hand into his jeans. Steve let

himself be distracted, a sigh escaping his lips as the blond sucked marks into his flesh.

“How’s homeschooling?” Steve muttered out.

“It’s shit,” Billy responded, “Don’t talk,” He added, pulling Steve’s jeans down.

Steve frowned, but didn’t speak again. He helped Billy with his pants, kicking them off. He unzipped Billy’s jeans and popped the button, sliding them down to his thighs. Billy grabbed Steve by the back of his head and forced him forward, groaning when Steve began to mouth at his dick. He had a vendetta against underwear. Too many walls between his cock and a hot mouth.

“Kiss it, baby...Fuuuck, get it real wet,” He muttered, biting his lower lip as he watched Steve’s head bob with half-lidded eyes.

Steve was a good, little cocksucker. Billy learned that the first night he convinced Steve to fool around with him. There hadn’t been a queer guy living in the house in something like ten years, so Steve was like a breath of fresh air to Billy. He had everything Billy loved: a sweet face, hair long enough to pull, a huge dick, and a gorgeous pair of cock sucking lips. Billy was so fucking pleased when Steve kissed back the first night.

Billy never got to fuck guys when he was alive. He was too scared of his father finding out, and being gay in the eighties was no goddamn walk in the park either. Waiting thirty three years for Steve to move in seemed like nothing all of the sudden. Steve was perfect and Billy would kill him before he got the chance to move out.

Billy pulled Steve off of his dick and shoved him onto his back, shedding his pants before crawling over him to plant a wet kiss to the side of his mouth. When he sighed, it sounded like a growl. A low, possessive sound. He cupped Steve’s cheek in his hand,

“Don’t ever leave me, pretty boy,” He muttered.

Steve rolled his eyes and laughed, covering Billy’s hand with his own, “Don’t tell me you’ve fallen in love,” He teased.

Billy forced one of his trademark grins and shrugged, “Got me,” He said.